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THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship; Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

VOLUME XLII. CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 3, 1898. NUMBER 10.

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UNITY.

Through my window streams a glory
Rivalling the Sunset's best,
When her brush with mural paintings
Decks the galleries of the West.

Nearer holds our royal artist
Splendid court in gold and sard,
Where a squirrel on the tree-boughs
Darts and chirps like winged bard.

Is this flitting, flying spirit
Essence of the maple tree?
Does he love its glow and color?
Does he dream he's loved of me?

Throbs his heart with sweet, strange meanings
Half-hints of the mystic Three,
Trinity of Life and Beauty
With the Loving eyes that see?

Is it fact or idle fancy
That the squirrel and the tree
Dimly feel the law that links them,
Makes them one with star and me?

ANNA H. FROST.

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A Beautiful Birthday, Gift and Holiday Book.

The Publishers of the NEW UNITY have just issued a beautiful book, very suitable as a Birthday or Holiday present. The critics of the Chicago *Inter Ocean* and *Chronicle*, who have seen the first copies from the press, thus describe it:

[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

"Flowers of Grasses"—Verses by Juniata Stafford. (Chicago: Alfred C. Clark & Co., Publishers. This charming little volume, daintily printed and bound in soft birchbark cover, brings to us the sweet breath of field and meadow. And the verses which it contains fitly add to the pleasant impression given by the outward form of the little book. They tell of nature and nature's beauties, of soft airs and rippling brooks, and they do more, for they show to us the lessons which the beautiful things of God's creation have for every one of us. In this, even more than in her smooth and rippling lines, do we read this writer's title clear to the name of true poet. For the heaven-conferred mission of the poet is to interpret nature and life for the help and instruction of mankind, since most of us, our sight uncleared by heavenward glances, cannot read the divine message. As a specimen of Miss Stafford's graceful versification we quote two stanzas from her wreath of "Birthday Verses," one for each month in the year, a charming idea:

March.

All the brown twigs are stirring within;
Winter has surely gone past!
Wrappings of tree-buds are stretching quite thin—
Springtime is nearing at last!
Color and gladness are coming this way—
Listen, dear heart, while I sing!
Here is my gift for your beautiful day;
Love and the heralds of spring.

October.

Gentian, in this restful place,
In this quiet hour,
Speaking with a holy grace
Word of sky and flower,
I will bear you in my hand
As a birthday token;
Help my friend to understand
Love and peace have spoken.

A Book of Thoughtful Verses.

[Chicago Chronicle.]

"Flowers of Grasses" is the fanciful title given to a small collection of verses by Juniata Stafford, a lady of Chicago, pleasantly known in periodical literature. Some of the collection are occasional verses, and carry the stamp of such, but others are of more general nature, and in each of these there is always some germ of thought that is clearly, often very felicitously worked out. The "Song of the Weeds" enforces a wholesome and suggestive lesson of the usefulness often, perhaps always, subserved by even the humblest and apparently most useless things, and it is musically embodied in flowing verse.

Much of the verse is cast in well-used forms, but much of it also is molded into unusual metrical forms, some of them very daintily and musically handled. The sentiment of all alike is finely feminine and refined.

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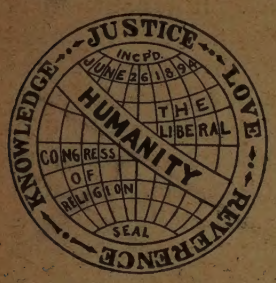
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME XLII. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1898. NUMBER 10.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

Alchemise old hates into the gold of Love, and make it current. TENNYSON.

In the death of Harold Frederick, a rising light in American literature has been obscured. "The Damnation of Theron Ware" is a disagreeable book but it displayed a power which warranted high expectations of better things to come. He died at the early age of forty-two. A New Yorker by birth, he had been fighting the battle of life for himself since he was fourteen years of age, and was still pushing forward.

In his gray hairs Robert Collyer was permitted last summer to preach in the old Methodist Church of his childhood, the church of his mother. It was a happy culmination not only in the life of the genial Yorkshire blacksmith preacher but in the growth of the mother church from which he went out in sorrow and which now welcomed him back in peace. Robert Collyer has not grown less independent or less heretical in his thought but the church has grown more hospitable and open. The century has been at work there as elsewhere. It is another sign of the times.

The distressing growth of militaryism in these days is accompanied with the sudden exploitation of the commercial spirit and a dangerous confusion of commercial power with ethical potency. It would not require much historical knowledge to prove that commercial greatness in the past has led to ethical debility and political ruin. Assyria and Babylon, Phœnecia and Rome were each in their day mighty commercial nations, but this did not give them perpetuity. The argument for annexation based on certain commercial advantages to the United States is a dangerous one which a true lover of republicanism and a believer in the declaration of independence and the constitution of the United States should scan closely and accept reluctantly. Commercialism is not the road to political freedom. Better a small and poor country great in its loyalty to principle than a big and rich country lapsing into selfishness or trusting to the power of the bayonet or the power of the dollar instead of the power of truth and righteousness. The annexation of the Philippines may be justifiable, perhaps inevitable, but the reasons therefor must be deeper than that they will add to the wealth of the United States or serve as convenient stepping stones for American commerce to reach Asia.

The *Christian Register* of the 20th ult. calls the circular letter of the liberal orthodox members of the Congress Board to their constituency "admirable," and adds, "Every meeting in which members of different denominations meet on a common level to discuss their agreements and their differences tends to increase the agreements and reduce the differences." It is a matter of comment that so far as we know, no so-called religious paper has found space to give publicity to this letter signed by Doctors Momerie of London, R. Heber Newton of New York, Philip S. Moxom of Springfield, John Faville of Appleton, Wisconsin, and F. E. Dewhurst of Indianapolis. Surely there must be many readers among the constituents of all religious papers who would be glad to know what these men have to say upon so vital a question as a possible union of forces too long antagonistic and antagonizing.

We cannot enter into the intricacies of the discussson at the recent Episcopal Convention held in Washington concerning church unity, which a correspondent of the *Outlook* pronounces "brilliant beyond anything yet heard upon the floor of the house of deputies." The debate lasted two days. The fact that the question was discussed is a significant one. More church unity is inevitable and unity can be secured only by elimination of non-essentials, placing the emphasis on the essentials. Of course this discrimination is a difficult task. Time, experience and development will alone work out this sum in the spiritual arithmetic.

The political situation in France seems distressing. At this distance it is difficult to judge of details or understand all the complications, but in the perspective of this distance it is easy to see the enormity of the Dreyfus outrage, and for a nation as for the individual, the only way out of sin is repentence, and so far as possible restoration. Whether the Dreyfus outrage is the resnlt of blind anti-semitism or mad military anxiety and discipline is a question for time to settle, but that it is an outrage and that it must be recognized as such by the French government is apparent now.

It is sad to see how the principle of mimicry effects nations and men as it does the individual man, even the lower animals. One war makes another more imminent. The capture of the Philippines by the United States not only makes tolerable but even interesting the prospects of an imbroglio between the French and English way off at the head waters of the Nile. Fashoda carries a vague suggestion of some far off ranch or sheep grazing preserve over the possession of which England and France have a right to quarrel, and the quarrel can be legitimately settled as such quarrels are too often settled by test of strength, but if we had the ethical imagination to realize that even Fashoda is a far off country which providence has given to a native populace, whatever their degree of civilization may be, those to whom the goodly stretches of river, hill and valley have fallen to their inheritance. Have they no rights to be considered, no wishes to be consulted? Who is Frenchman or Englishman that he should ruthlessly lay claim to this territory by the logic of his gun boats or his rifle. Or does possession in this case mean an ownership of the owners, and do England and France reckon upon the human contingency as a part of the worth to be captured, assets of the territory in question? What constitutes a right to ownership to the great domain of nature? Does the ethics of the medieval robber baron still obtain among nations? Is the right of capture made noble when the captor is a great nation, but ignoble when the captor is a petty province, or one bold, bad man with his henchman? Or can one nation buy from another an archipelago without a thought of the wishes of the millions of people who are there by an edict of fate? Does the United States clear off all the entailments of the Philippines when it pays Spain for her trouble with them?

The Growing Religion.

A most significant change has been taking place under our eyes and in our lives, a change everywhere manifest among the thoughtful. To put it in the terms of the books there has been a change of interest from theology to sociology. Twenty, fifteen, even ten years ago there was an interest in doctrine, in the forms and formulas of the creeds, and zest in the study of texts and their interpretations. There was then what was called a "new theology" which concerned itself largely with questions of manuscript. It was absorbed in a study of the early Christian fathers. It studied the growth of the apostle, the Nicene and the Athenasian creeds. There was a curiosity about the origin and authority of the Westminster Confession, the Shorter Catechism, the Longer Catechism, the Thirty-nine Articles, etc. In earlier days conscientious souls spent sleepless nights over the problems of the "Trinity," "inspiration" and above all, eternal punishment and the destiny of the soul after death. There has been no break in the thought and studies of the religious world in these directions, but there has been a mighty change of front, and in place of these disturbing questions there has grown an absorbing interest in social problems, questions of human adjustments in this world, the relation of capital and labor, of husband and wife, the duty to the dependent, the province of the state in regard to the helpless, the paralytic and the orphan. Instead of theological disputations we have sociological agitations. This change perhaps is most apparent in the academic life of this country. Those who have kept in touch with the life of the school teacher during the last forty years will remember that the line of interest, roughly speaking, has been described as something like this: Along in the sixties the cry of the progressive in education was, give our children English, put them in possession of their mother tongue, teach them the wealth of our own literature, let English be brought to the front. In the seventies the cry was, teach our children the study of things, give them the use of their senses, open their eyes and ears to the marvels of nature. Let intelligence help adjust them to their surroundings. Science to the front. In the eighties the pioneer in education said, let education be practical, give our children the use of their hands. Let mind be disciplined by and through disciplined muscle, manual training, technical education to the front. In the nineties the cry in educational circles has been, acquaint the children with their human relations, teach them how to fit themselves into society, let the problems of state be discussed. Man is a social being. Let his studies recognize and emphasize that fact. Sociology to the front. In our colleges to-day the popular class rooms are those wherein the problems of society are discussed. Sociology is a new science; "civics" is a new and still somewhat strange word that represents the quickened interest in the problems of human adjustment. And the man who has seen farthest in academic circles to-day is the man who is skilled in teaching these problems.

The Greatest and Best.

The comparison of oceans and mountain ranges is difficult; the Atlantic and the Pacific, the Alps and the Rockies are all great, and so have been all the annual meetings of the Liberal Congress of Religion. As the outgrowth and success of the World's Parliament of Religion, the underlying ideas, the principles and purposes of the Congress are large, far-reaching, inclusive; hence, in the outworking of these it has been and must continue to be a growth. It must grow with the growing world-consciousness of the higher, the better, both in thought and life; and if true to its noble mission, the life must control the body, and not the body the life.

Nearly all the great movements of the past, both political and religious, were born of patriotic and humane impulses; losing these, the tendency has been to formalism, to the love of personal power and gain; and with this the party-machine in politics, sect and creedal dominancy in religion, the repression and loss of vital soul power. The organization limits the life.

But the great world-soul, time-spirit will not long permit the arrest of life; hence world-progress has been both by evolution and revolution; hence also, the unrest, the tension and struggle of our wonderful age. At such a time, the Liberal Congress of Religion, without interfering with the autonomy of any organization, political or religious, seeks to accentuate and exalt the ideals of the true and the good in all, in the larger thoughts and sentiments of the universal, and to unite all in the great law and life of love.

The Congress at Omaha was greatest of all in the conscious growth of this inner spirit life; the consciousness of such glad soul recognitions and unities in the world of the universal. The dividing lines were lost in the high inspirations of life and the joy of a living faith in the eternal realities of the real. Not who was speaking; Jew, Christian, Orthodox or Liberal, but what great truth of life could be brought forth was the spirit of the Congress; and in this all rejoiced. The positive affirmations of truth and life took the place of the old-time negations, debates and differences; and it was and will more and more be a joyful surprise to find how at the great soul-centers of being, souls are one in the truths, the life of the universal; and how gladly they can work together in the love of man and God.

With such a baptism the Liberal Congress of Religion resolved to go forth for a larger work in the coming year; more state Congresses are to be formed; more money is to be raised; more and better preaching, writing and printing; more life, more love. H. W. T.

The Omaha Congress.

"I DREAM'D
THAT STONE BY STONE I REAR'D A SACRED FANE,
A TEMPLE, NEITHER PAGOD, MOSQUE, NOR CHURCH,
BUT LOFTIER, SIMPLER, ALWAYS OPEN-DOOR'D
TO EVERY BREATH FROM HEAVEN, AND TRUTH AND PEACE
AND LOVE AND JUSTICE CAME AND DWELT THEREIN."

OPENING SESSION TUESDAY NIGHT, OCTOBER 18, 1898.

A large audience was assembled in the beautiful auditorium of the First Congregational Church of Omaha.

After the preliminary service Mr. Kilpatrick, the Chairman of the Local Committee, said:

ADDRESS OF THOMAS KILPATRICK.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Members of the Liberal Congress of Religion:—As chairman of the Local Committee, it becomes my privilege and pleasant duty to greet you on this occasion. It is indeed a great pleasure, for of all the many assemblies which we have had here this year none stand higher than your association, if your position is to be measured by your noble purposes, your lofty aims, and the modest greatness of your individual members.

We are proud of having you amongst us, and happy in the thought that your visit will be of permanent value to our community. I therefore extend to you a hearty word of welcome on behalf of our state and the city of Omaha.

It is the high privilege of our state and city this year to keep open house; you have accepted our invitation, and now we extend to you the hospitality of our Exposition. With all the enthusiasm of youth we are proud of what we have done, and what you see accomplished is "but prophecy of better still to be." Our white palaces, filled with the material products of this vast Trans-Mississippi region, and with other even more important evidences of our civilization, is our word of welcome extended to you by the people of Omaha, and of the state of Nebraska.

I further extend to you a pleasant word of welcome on behalf of education as represented by our State University and our common schools. We have, as a people, inherited that love of knowledge which is at once the pride and safety of our Republic, so that with us even poverty or misfortune is no longer an excuse for ignorance. We look upon your association as an ally supplementing our efforts in whatever makes for success, character and higher life.

We trust you will make yourselves, in the short time that is at your disposal, somewhat familiar with the work of our schools, and a visit to our State University at Lincoln would be an encouraging and pleasant revelation to any of you who are still accustomed to think of us as "the far West."

I extend also to you a word of hearty welcome on behalf of our churches, of all denominations. We have here in Omaha, and generally throughout the state, an ample supply of churches; and, notwithstanding their difference in name and creed, they are coworkers for all that is higher and better than mere material prosperity. The great mother church is well represented in our state and city; and the interesting evidence of its growth and work may be seen everywhere in the streets of our city in the shape of schools and hospitals. A great recent historian has beauti-

fully said, "Sincerely Catholic nations are distinguished for their reverence, for their habitual and vivid perception of religious things, for the warmth of their emotions, for a certain amiability of disposition and a certain natural courtesy and refinement of manner that are inexpressibly winning."

We have the evidence of all these things in Omaha, and though they may not join your deliberations, I know from personal contact with many of them that they are in sympathy with you in your aims for higher manhood and a purer life. The same writer has said: "Sincerely Protestant nations are distinguished for their love of truth, for their firm sense of duty, for the strength and the dignity of their character." These characteristics are also well represented in our orthodox Protestant churches, as is well illustrated in the ministerial members of our own local committee. On behalf of the Hebrews I extend to you and to the great man who is to preach to us this evening a very cordial and genuine welcome.

Last, and perhaps least, I extend to you a sincere personal welcome on behalf of our liberal churches. Here in Omaha we have only two that are nominally so, and at times in the struggle for existence we are thankful that there are not more. As liberals we welcome you on this occasion as we would our own blood relations. We are proud of claiming kinship with your association and its individual members, of whatever name. As liberals we constantly try to keep abreast of the procession, but at times we find it difficult to do so, as we are hard pressed from behind by the advance guard of our orthodox brethren; and, on the other hand, advance as we may, we find constantly before us in the distance the figure of Jenkin Lloyd Jones. We catch occasional glimpses of his coat-tail and hear his voice as one crying in the wilderness, "make ye ready the way of the Lord; make His path straight."

On behalf of these representative bodies, and on behalf of our citizens, I offer you a sincere word of hospitable welcome.

We are delighted to have you with us, and without undue praise I feel, as I look over the program and see the great names there represented, that I may properly apply to you the beautiful words of Tennyson:—

> "And thou art worthy; full of power;
> As gentle; liberal minded, great,
> Consistent; wearing all that weight
> Of learning lightly like a flower."

ADDRESS OF HON. W. G. WHITMORE, VALLEY, NEB.

Mr. Whitmore welcomed the Congress on behalf of the State of Nebraska. Among other things he said:—

I greet you tonight, knowing full well that the people of Omaha and of all Nebraska, regardless of creeds and sects, on this occasion extend with a generous hospitality to our friends from beyond the great rivers and mountains, from Plymouth Rock to the Golden Gate, a most cordial welcome to the delegates and all in attendance upon this Liberal Congress of Religion. * * * I am inclined to take my text from George Eliot, in these words: "Blessed is the man who, having nothing to say, abstains from giving us wordy evidence of the fact."

Possibly our appreciation of ourselves has not been sufficiently high. And so it was reassuring to me as a citizen of this state to read in so good an authority as the New Unity, the other day, that in a general population of about 72,000,000 of people there are 484 colleges and universities and nearly 160,000 students; in the region represented by the Trans-Mississippi States, comprising less than one-third of the entire population, there are nearly one-half of these colleges and 220 out of 480 institutions of higher learning. The Secretary of the State of Nebraska assures us that the surplus products of our farms last year—that is, the products she was able to send to America—were worth over $55,000,000. She has over 3,000 factories with a capital invested of $40,000,000. These factories pay yearly nearly $12,000,000 in wages, and the value of their output is nearly $35,000,000. Nebraska has fourteen lines of railway, with a mileage of 4,730 miles, carrying her commerce. These are some of the material claims of Nebraska.

How is it in those departments which refine and make her a force in the domain of intellect? The State of Nebraska has six universities, twenty-nine colleges, seventeen academies, 6,690 common schools and seventy-five private schools, which educate 360,000 of her sons and daughters. And when last week 300,000 citizens of our country came pouring in from all its valleys and plains, its villages and cities, to participate in the great Peace Jubilee and pay a tribute of respect to our great President, it seemed to me that all were better patriots and better citizens than ever before. In this city, itself one of the marvels of Western enterprise, energy and prosperity, has been erected and for some months maintained an Exposition which in its magnitude is second only to one,and in its consummate grace and beauty of architecture and general excellence of its management and exhibits is second to none ever held on this continent, and yet less than fifty years ago this region was the camping ground of the Indians. * * * How much might be said in praise of such an agency as this great Exposition which sweeps our vision and interests out of the small confines of local and party affairs and enables us to realize that our great nation, North and South, East and West, is bound together by reciprocal interests! As the Exposition is drawing to a close, thoughtful men and women should pause and learn here anew from the great teachers assembled here the sublime lessons of peace on earth and good will toward men. I assure you the committee in charge have the hearty thanks of this community for securing as leaders of this Congress representatives of great institutions of learning which are both the pride and the hope of our country, and of preachers who have the moral courage to utter their last, best conviction of truth. We hope that you who have thus come among us, and whose presence is a benediction not only upon the Congress but upon the community, may here realize that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," while we are willing to take our chances with the receiving, assured of a quickening of the sense of duty into efforts for the common good. The sainted Whittier's "Centennial Hymn" is also the true patriot's prayer, and its closing stanzas are as appropriate to this time and occasion as to that for which they were written:—

> "For art and labor met in truce,
> For beauty made the bride of use,
> We thank Thee; but, withal, we crave
> The austere virtues strong to save,
> The honor proof to place or gold,
> The manhood never bought nor sold!

Oh make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of thy righteous law;
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!"

RESPONSE BY PRESIDENT THOMAS.

To the above welcome Dr. Thomas said:

Gentlemen of the Local Committee:—In behalf of the Liberal Congress of Religion I can only express the sincerest thanks for the very warm welcome that you have extended to us. There is something in the influence of climate, soil, scenery, the natural surroundings of a people, not only upon their industries but upon their habits of thought and their whole emotional and inspirational nature. The people of our Northwest are tied and influenced by the great rivers and lakes, the wide prairies, the deep sky and the free, rich air. They are large because their surroundings are large, and hence they attempt and do everything in a large way. This has been your spirit in reference to the Liberal Congress of Religion from the moment your committee reached us down at Nashville. It was at a time when in that land we were under a certain kind of limitation. We knew we were not welcome by the clergy there; they were afraid of us. And just then your committee came with an invitation bearing the names of both the orthodox and liberal clergy of this city, and inviting us to hold our next annual meeting in this very room, and of course with it came the invitation from the Exposition here and the authorities of the city, and I could but say to the people down there just then that this thing of religious opinion was quite a matter of geography. The wealth of this world, dear friends, is heart wealth, that which satisfies us, and that alone. The friendships we have one for the other, the hospitalities we extend and enjoy, the neighborships we form, the love of man for man, it is all this that gives us peace, that gives us rest, and we certainly appreciate and rejoice with you in this large mental and religious hospitality of the City of Omaha, of the State of Nebraska and of the Northwest. There has been a wonderful wealth of this affection, a wonderful wealth of truth, of love, that we have not entered and lived as we should. We have felt ourselves separated one from the other. The Liberal Congress interferes with no organization. It regards all the inspirations and teachings of the past; it cherishes with others their love of that which has been and still lingers. What we are trying to do is not to tear down but to build up, trying to create a fellowship between all these, a fellowship founded upon the love of truth, the love of right, the love of all that is good. We would if we could break down these separating walls in the sense that we shall all know each other as brothers and sisters, that we shall all walk side by side in the common purpose of great lives.

Now, I should be glad to extend these remarks, but we are here to listen to a sermon by Doctor Hirsch. This country has many scholars, not very many learned men, and in many directions at least Doctor Hirsch is recognized as one of the learned men of our country, and is everywhere recognized as one of the earnest men, one of those who loves man and God, opens his arms and his heart to humanity. And I want to give to him all the time beyond the briefest opening exercises. I will ask you to rise and join with me in the Lord's Prayer.

OPENING SERMON BY E. G. HIRSCH, PH.D., MINISTER OF SINAI CONGREGATION, CHICAGO.

Liberal religion is not, as often it is represented, the child or fancy of these our recent decades. One need not strain the meaning of the term in the least to make out the case that liberalism in religion is almost as old as religion itself. The volumes chronicling the history of man's religion recall the names of mighty men on almost every page who wore the crown of thorns because their cotemporaries suspected them of heresy. Posterity has always been quick to canonize the heretic of yesterday as a saint. Indeed, it would seem as though every soul that heard and heeded the divine arousal which, according to Biblical tradition, stirred to onward progress the ancient Hebrew Patriarch, was by his own time regarded as tainted with the virus of heresy. For was not Abraham, when he obeyed the summons to leave his father's house, the city of his birth, and went out to the unknown land whither the hand of his God beckoned him, for his very act of separation from the grosser superstitions of his clansmen under the cloud of heterodoxy, while in very truth he was the herald of a new and brighter morn about to dawn on night-encompassed humanity? And is his experience and example not typical of the work and the worry, the burden and belief, of all great religious teachers? There is none in this august company of the elect but had to be a liberalizer of the faith of his fathers in his anxiety to be the liberator of their sons. From this certainly legitimate viewpoint Moses and Jesus, Hillel and Rabbi Sakkai ben Jokhanan, Zoroaster and Gautama, Luther and Huss, Savonarola and Giordano Bruno, in fact all the seers and singers of the fuller spiritual life of man that ever made earth richer by their presence must be reckoned among the liberals. They were forerunners always of the day of broader sympathies and more earnest aspirations. Their light shining across the dividing centuries and quivering across dark stretches of distant continents displays, when analyzed in the spectroscope, the same lines as are characteristic of the flame feeding the glow of our own yearning after clearer truth.

It is, however, in a more restricted sense that I would tonight plead for the recognition of the significant circumstance that liberalism is by no means a growth of one day. It may look back upon a history that covers territory enough to display many phases and abundant variety of both temper and tendency. Comparing our own attitude with that of the eighteenth century species, even an untrained eye will readily discover that our liberalism is spun of a fiber not found in the thoughtweb of Voltaire or Rousseau, or even Mendelssohn or Lessing. Ignoring, as leading me too far afield, the records of free thought in religion, which antedate the century immediately before our own—glorious though they be in the splendid immortality of such names as Socrates and Plato, Euripides and Epictetus, the Humanists and the Mystics, Elijahs as they were of the Reformation—I shall crave your attention for a brief analysis of the phenomenology of liberalism as developed during the last one hundred and fifty years.

The first manifestation of this more modern liberalism must be found in the more pronounced emphasis upon gospeling tolerance which animates the noblest among Mendelssohn's generation. The charm of their spirit is even now, after the interlude of more than

seven scores of years, irresistibly magnetic. They are not few among us who deem tolerance the final word in the message of liberalism. Certainly the high priest of this sympathetic attitude, Lessing, and the song of songs of its appeal, his "Nathan der Weise," evoke even within us spontaneous outflow of admiration and gratitude, a tribute all the more freely offered because the great example and the vital lesson seem to have been most quickly forgotten in the land which cradled both the prophet and his prophecy. Remembering, furthermore, that all things human are under the conditions of relativity, we shall not underrate the glory or fail to realize the high moral temper of this liberalism of tolerance, though, as we must, we do register a most emphatic protest against the popular prejudice that tolerance is the full co-efficient of religious liberalism. There is no possibility to dispute the fact that, read in the light of the insanities and imbecilities sponsored by religious bigotry everywhere, even the inanities and vanities of self-complacent religious tolerance are entitled to vest themselves in the purple of regal marshals leading an upward pilgrimage. Not one jot would I detract from the moral grandeur of the men who, like Lessing, at a time when the straight jacket of rigid theological dogmatism smothered also the tender flower of sympathy in the bosom of the best, dared boldly speak out in behalf of kindlier tolerance. But, withal, no mistake is more fatal than that which holds this spirit of mutual tolerance and forbearance to be the only flower grown on the rosebush of liberal thought. It is not even a full-blown flower. Our liberalism has but little cause to congratulate itself upon its achievements if it has not progressed beyond the position and the propositions of the German poet's noble drama. Its word had a ringing resonance for the time that rocked its cradle. It has, alas! still now the sting of sharp rebuke for all that, instead of pushing on to higher peaks, have lapsed into lower valleys. Our day's liberalism, would it make good its pretensions to recognition as among the architectural forces of a broader and more virile future, cannot rest contented with repetitions of Lessing's formula. Tolerance always implies concession. It carries the implication of pacting with what by rights no compromise should be made. We tolerate what we cannot help, but what, if power were given or our preference were consulted, we should suppress or remove? When the rabble in royal robes or in reeking rags shrieks the rage of hatred tolerance may be the august word of monition. But without such background historical or actual tolerance connotes the trinity of ignorance, indifference and insolence. Neither Jew nor Christian, neither agnostic or pantheist, need plead today for tolerance. It is the right of the Jew to be a Jew, as it is the right of the Christian to be a Christian. This very right is denied where sufferance is both the condition and the limitation of its exercise. Rights are inalienable and irrevocable. Edicts of toleration are subject to amendment and liable to revocation. Tolerance is never free from a seasoning of patronizing condescension. He who tolerates affects the air and attitude of offensive superiority. I can understand how one who is firmly convinced that he or his church is the possessor of truth absolute while all other forms of religious belief or unbelief are nightborn children of error, may, in the goodness of his heart, refrain from throttling the preachers of falsehood and in this more civilized age refer their case to the tribunal of God himself. I can further appreciate to the full that he, though the certitude of his faith in his sect's being the recipient of the one and only truth is unshaken, has progressed immeasurably beyond the position of the Arabic theologian who confounded heresy with moral turpitude. But for these very reasons his tolerance is the exponent of his assumed and imagined superiority. This Congress, to be abreast of the liberalism which befits our fuller knowledge, must breathe into its hospitality and fellowship a stronger breath of life. We shall not boast that our platform is broad enough even to admit a Jew or a negro. This little word even is the cloven foot of much of the current liberalism. Its thoughtless use reveals arrested growth. I have no hesitancy to declare that the platform which is broad enough for even a Jew to be tolerated thereon is in very truth of all narrow counterfeits the most despicable. The honest bigot who will not cloak or veil his stubborn limitations calls for respect; the soft-tongued juggler with liberal phraseology taken in his own traps who prates about the wonderful range of his sympathies and feels compelled to inform an admiring public that he even will fellowship a Jew deserves unmitigated contempt. His sin is against the holy spirit of the liberal light. I, for one, refuse to acknowledge his superiority. I spurn his condescension. I resent his patronizing familiarity. His unction is an insult to the better spirit of the newer liberalism, the last word of which is neither hospitality nor tolerance of opinions and beliefs, of racial differences, or physiognomic or psychic peculiarities.

Closely akin to the liberalism of gracious or malicious tolerance, and in fact in time its successor, is the liberalism of indifference. To a great extent the liberalism of the period of "illumination" is of this order It may be characterized as a reaction upon the claim advanced by the various churches to infallibility. Its main thesis is the antipode of this favorite insistence of Zion's watchmen. If the Pundits and the Priests, the Rabbis and the Rectors had claimed that their particular creed contained the truth, and the whole truth and nothing but the truth, as a counter-irritant the illuminated philosophy applied the poultice of the equality of all religions and their equivalents. Let us be careful not to mistake this proposition for the foreshadowed intimation of the knowledge which has come to us today, that one psychic energy has presided over the birth of every religion, and that the loftiest can trace its origin to no higher source than may the lowliest. Nor would we be justified in ascribing to the period of illumination a foregleam of the discoveries made by the science of comparative religion. The psychology of the illuminated was extremely faulty, and of the sense and intuition of the operation of historical forces there is not the slightest intimation in their system. Their rationalism ignored the historical element altogether. As an offset to the Church's doctrine of the supernatural origin of religion this rationalism, like all rationalism, located the mother source of religion in man. It swept aside the distinctions between revealed and natural religion. But it lacked the insight into the psychic forces out of which religion flows and the historical circumstances which regulate its growth. Under its unrectified lenses, which were chromatic and not as they should have been, achromatic, all religions were regarded as equal-

ly counterfeit, equal in so far and of one value, as they all alike taught error and were the offspring of illusion.

This liberalism of indifference presents various moods. Where it is generous it will allow that there is some police value to religion. To curb the wicked among men the altar has some utility and the Bible some effectiveness. As a humane substitute for the soldier's bayonet or the constable's baton they would even recommend to the proper authorities the policy which encourages and supports the church beadle's disciplinary club. Or they would concede to religion, all religions, the right of influencing the nursery. Children must have their toys. Let them thus play with and at religion. Weak men, ignorant men, weak and sentimental women, may perhaps find comfort in the exercises of the church and synagogue. Why interfere with their pastime or pleasure? Religion was even credited with a certain modicum of anaesthetic virtue. Dogma might act on susceptible souls and hysterical temperaments as an opiate or sedative. It might lend the limping or halt a crutch to steady his gait. But man, strong man, had no need of these playthings or pastimes or drugs or supports.

If the rationalist was in an ugly mood he ranted about the fraud perpetrated upon credulous and fear-beset mankind by religion. All religions alike were—of this our illuminated predecessor had no doubt—conceived in fraud. Priests had for purposes of selfish enrichment for plunder and spoils palmed off Bibles as inspired and huckstered their fables in order to increase their filthy revenue. Not very far from the vaporings of this class of suspicious rationalists were they who virtually adopted their theory, though they were charitable enough not to impute to the priestly originators of the fraud base motives. Moses or Jesus, according to them, had reasoned out a high truth. But the people would have been attacked by mental dyspepsia if the truth had been fed them in strong or unadulterated doses. To avert this calamity they veiled the bitter taste of the concoction behind sweeter and more toothsome admixtures. Jugglers and experts in the art of sleight-of-hand, they worked miracles for a purpose, a good purpose.

Our liberalism cannot be of this variety. We may leave the sorry laurels of exploiting for revenue these old fallacies to Mr. Ingersoll. That he still finds a ready audience for his weary tirades shows that ignorance on high themes and serious things was not confined to the middle ages of credulity. The Rip Van Winkles who have been asleep while the world has been at work finding new truths have not been exclusively members of the orthodox churches. It would seem that our congress has as wide a field among the unchurched followers of Ingersoll as it has among the, to my mind, much more attractive adherents of never so cramped a creed. We cannot accept the position of the illuminated even as presented by Lessing's recast of an old Jewish fable of three rings entrusted to the keepership of one father's sons. In the Hebrew original the story is a skillful trick of diplomacy. The Rabbi, pressed to declare which of the three religions might be the true revelation, realizes the peril which he runs if he does not succeed in conciliating the jealousy of the Mohammedan disputant. Nor will he concede that his own religion is barren of value. As we read the parable in Lessing it carries the implication that all three rings are spurious. It runs in the grooves of benevolent rationalistic illuminate philosophy.

I contend that our liberalism cannot pitch its tents alongside of the camping stations of either benevolent or malevolent rationalism. Let me hasten to explain why. In the first place, we cannot share the supine nonchalance toward religion which characterizes benevolent rationalism. Religion—this both psychology and history teach us—is worth our while not merely to analyze but to become aroused and enkindled. It is not a weak mush whereon to feed children. It has an infinitely nobler function in the economy of the humanities than to serve as the surrogate for prisons or insane asylums. Since the days of the men of illumination and the premature triumph of one-sided rationalism the science of religion has arisen. Its wonderful finds have taught us that while the distinction between revealed and natural religion is untenable there is no religion but has credentials which are much stronger than were those that were pre-supposed to have come from Sinai or Carmel. All religion is natural, but all religion is a revelation of the hidden yet pressing needs of the human heart. Religions are not inventions. They are intuitions. Bibles are not artificial or artifices. They are literature, and therefore revelations of the highest aspirations slumbering or stirring in the consciousness and the conscience of the peoples whose seers wrote their chapters, whose singers sang their psalms.

Religions are never imposed from without, they are poured out from within. They are not equivalents. Fetichism and Christianity may have developed or have sprung into assertion under the same laws of the human soul. But the difference is that Christianity has developed beyond the point where, owing to historical circumstances, under definite and confining environments Fetichism was arrested. Language is the sister of religion. Both are children of the human mind and messengers of the human soul's highest potencies. But is the stammered gibberish of some rude fishertribe the equivalent of flexible Greek? Is living and growing English not more than a replica of some rough and helpless hybrid jargon void of beauty and definiteness? Our liberalism in studying by the comparative method the wide range of religious phenomena and literature has learned that religion, far from dealing with puerilities or things without vitality, has always been concerned about the most vital things, the most supreme themes, things which even today the human mind cannot repress and themes which will intrude upon him in the silences of his solitude and in the symphonies of his solicitudes.

And right here is the place to speak of another very common confusion. Liberalism, as we understand it, is not synonymous with criticism. In fact, criticism is neither a problem in orthodoxy nor a prerogative of heterodoxy. Criticism is a method whereby to arrive at a fuller and deeper appreciation of truth. At its best it is a pioneer sent out to blaze a way through the rocks and petrifactions of error. It is a sturdy pathfinder, clearing the jungle of stunted and tangled undergrowths. This work necessarily creates the impression of wasteful wantonness, not to say destructiveness. But the pioneer precedes and prepares the way for the permanent settler. Criticism always implies preparation. Criticism is an essential function of the thinking mind. Orthodoxy, as far as it claims to be thoughtful

orthodoxy, must give criticism full scope. Liberalism, because it insists upon thought, must turn first to criticism to probe into the bases of belief and conduct. By the peculiar laws of mental growth we enter upon our thoughtful manhood the blessed or burdened heirs of our ancestors. Criticism now reveals to us how far we are blessed and how forcibly we are burdened. It neither increases the blessing nor diminishes the burden. The thought of every previous generation, unless made our own by our own effort, is a prejudice or a superstition. Prejudice and superstition are dissolved into their component elements for assimilation or elimination at our hand by criticism. Of course he who believes in the right to free thought can, under no circumstances, reject criticism. Free thought without it is apt to degenerate into futile and foolish counterfeit, while if subjected to the searching process will germinate into clear thought. And it is clear thought that above all else our day requires. Of loose thinking there has been a dire surplus. Of muddy would-be thinking there has been a nauseating surfeit among even professed liberals. It is not a sign that clear thought is magnetic among us when revamped rationalism finds such loud acclaim. It will not do for liberal pot to call orthodox kettle black. To judge by the ordinary stuff which is circulated among professed liberals concerning Biblical literature we have no cause to laugh to scorn a Presbyterian synod for presuming to regulate problems of Hebrew grammar and style by majority votes. It is true criticsm cannot halt at the threshold of the Jerusalemic Temple. It is true criticism will not allow that there is a double standard of judgment, one for profane and another for sacred literature. The canons are identical for both. Greek books and Hebrew scrolls must be interpreted by the same rules. Jesus is as clearly under the influence of his temporal and local surroundings as is Tennyson. Has genuine criticism ever been destructive? Under higher criticism the Bible is ours still. If ever it had a voice and message, it has it now. Not one vital accent of truth which it owned has been hushed. Yea, it has come to be ours in an intensity of meaning which it lacked when it was a curious fetich or a religious medicine-book. We know now that they who wrote its prospectus or intoned its psalms were under the same stress and strain of life and temptations as we are, and out of their hearts they sang the notes of hope and the ringing tones of appeal to duty. Religion is not a matter of books; it is a method of life. Religion is not dependent upon facts; it is itself the most stupendous fact and factor of life. As a tuning fork will waken to responsive tremor that string alone attuned to its own vibrations, so that book alone can arouse an answer of resolve which has written itself out of the fullness of a human soul. In humanizing the Bible and the Bibles of the world criticism has lent unknown potencies to the literary monuments to the genius for religious thought which some peoples owned in higher degree than others. The function of Israel, in the economy of religion, has been made much more significant for the history of man since its contribution to the wealth of humanity has been firmly established as the natural outpouring of its national genius, the formulation of its mission.

Nor has criticism robbed one single dogma of whatever truth it ever was charged with. Creed is the balance struck in the ledger of intellectual and spiritual possessions at a certain date. The date kept in mind the statement of assets will never be found defective or misleading. Criticism establishes the chronology of these balance sheets. Criticism, in fact, warns the liberal against accrediting his own dogmas with a permanent value. Many a liberal has in his zeal to refute dogma become dogmatic himself. His own theses the true liberal will submit to the same processes of critical inspection as he applies to the contentions of orthodoxy.

Least of all would we turn our denials into dogma. There is more serious business for us to do than to come together for no other purpose than to gloat over our negations. Perhaps it is true that most of us have but little patience with the doctrine of atonement or justification as laid down in the books on systematic theology. Perhaps it is true that none of us will teach that man fell—that since the fatal hour which expelled the first of man from mythical Paradise the race has been lost. Perhaps were we to take a vote on the proposition it would be discovered that we are unanimous in rejecting the belief in hell and everlasting punishment. Nor are we in the least concerned about the little Greek letter which other generations deemed of sufficient importance to resort to murderous war in order to settle whether it has or has not a place in the adjective descriptive of Christ's relation to the Godhead. But if we had but the affinity of our negations the bond that binds us would in very truth be of no greater sustenance than a rope of sand. Be it said, and that with the most positive emphasis, modern liberalism is not a new revival of syncretism. We are not a body of fanatics who, under the greater hatred for a common adversary, agree to sink their own lesser home antipathies, provided all will stand together against anti-Christ. I, for one, have no hesitancy to declare that if admission in this Congress implies opposition to others or concealment of what for me is part of my religion, I will have none of its liberalism. I come here not in spite of my Judaism, but in its very fulfillment. I am a Jew. I would not deny the fact if I could. I shall not minimize the circumstance but rather maximize it. By birth, by education, by all those forces which, running along the very tendrils of soul-life, I am bound to the community whose history has meant so much for the religious destiny of mankind. I feel that my very being has been nurtured on the manna of Israel's spirituality. I am proudly conscious of what the assumption of membership in a religious minority, protesting by its very persistence and existence against doctrines held sublimely true by the overpowering majority, implies. I shall not run away from the obligations which sonship unto my father has imposed upon me. Least of all would I make of the Liberal Congress a backdoor through which I might sneak out of Judaism now, when again the world has gone daft and, though boasting of the accomplishments of the nineteenth, exceeds in its fondness for Jewbaiting the passion of the thirteenth century. And as I feel, so I doubt not do we all feel. You would not relinquish one title of the inheritance of obligations which is yours by birth and spontaneous acceptance. In the sign in which you have learned first to recognize the higher realities you would still conquer. None of us has come hither to destroy the law; we are all here to fulfill it. Negation never fulfills. To deny what others hold holy is a very cheap occupa-

tion. It is not worthy of earnest men and minds. What have we really accomplished if we have denied inspiration or immortality? Unless our denials be followed by a much fuller affirmation we might as well have left the exercise of replacing the plus sign by a minus to little boys. Lange, the historian of materialism, has put the case in a nutshell. Said he: Today a little ragamuffin of the streets can indulge in the high sport of questioning God and world. It required the toil and thought of ages to produce yonder pane of glass. And as it woos and wins our attention we feel that the memorial window means much more than a combination of chemically determined quantities of matter. Artisan and artist have co-operated to lend symbol and type to sentiment. Yet this window, child of thought and toil and sentiment and aspiration though it be, may be shattered to meaningless fragments by no greater effort than that of which the swing of a street arab's arms is capable. To shatter the memorials of high thought and deep sentiment which underlie religious symbols is an easy accomplishment. We are here under a much more solemn consecration.

The genuine liberalism of this day inquires not after what men deny, but it has a deep concern about what men affirm. Yea, we have positive convictions that unite us. We firmly affirm that religion has a great part to play in this world of ours. We hold to the nobility of men, to the possibility never withheld from man to realize his nobility. We believe in the unending Genesis and the uninterrupted and universal revelation. We have learned to be modest. Man cannot by searching find out God. We do not share the cock-sureness of dogmatism to know all about the Godhead. In so far we are agnostic as we refuse to predicate of our analogies and symbols finality. For us God is not describable, as is a convict, by the Bartillon system of identification. It is with sadness that we admit that for much of the current and arrant and irreverent atheism of the grogshop or the clubroom none is so clearly responsible as is the arrogance of church and synagogue. Were our catechisms a little less profuse in descriptive detail of what God is and how He must act, whom He will save, and whom He must damn, whom He had to choose for his own and whom He had to reject, the cause of truer religiosity would indeed be mightily subserved. In the presence of the mystery and might and majesty of the All-life many of us are hushed to utter silence. Their refusal to name the ineffable is deeper reverence than a Niagara of appellatives. Some of us cannot refuse to stammer forth the word connoting the dearest relation of love and dependence known to man. In humble trust in the essential goodness of the All we breathe forth in the most significant hours of our life "Our Father," or clothe our stirring longings in such phraseology as had come to poets of Israel. We know that this is poetry. But it is high poetry. It is true poetry. Analytic science does not exhaust the All of the universe. Personality is as clear a fact and factor of our life as is force. From our own personal consciousness as a certain cognition we have the right to reason out—at least many of us so hold—the essence of the All in terms of personality. It is certainly as reasonable to symbolize the superhuman in terms of the human as it is to borrow the algebraic signs from the subhuman. This is anthropomorphism. We know it full well. But such is the necessity of the human tongue that never can language get away from anthropomorphism. Science does not escape this fate. She speaks of matter and force and energy as though these were personalities endowed with volition. In one word, liberalism of the genuine breadth is intensely reverential. It does not vie with the circus clown or the trapeze performer in cheap bids for the mob's applause. The liberal reveres and respects the religious sentiment even under its most grotesque manifestations. We try to understand how it came about that the Fetich worshiper bows knee to stock and stone. We may part company with the doctrines or ceremonies of the fathers, but even so they are too solemn for us, because they were sacred to them, to look to them for a target for our light wit and cheap ridicule. We do not lay the heavy hand of the buffoon's paid impiety upon the altars before which one human soul has poured out its grief or implored for guidance and for light. Be it a word of the Buddha or of the Christ, though we cannot accept it as final truth we shall not drag it into the mud. Wherever flames the fire of religious aspirations we approach with veiled head and bared feet as Moses did the burning bush, for we also have heard the voice that declares it to be holy soil. We know that truth is august and awful and her service calls for earnestness. He who holds in light esteem what fellowman treasures as truth, or even what former generations cherished as such a word or a symbol which fired into fervor the hearts of millions or supplied fortitude to their faltering feet, is a blasphemer. His assumed liberalism is an Antisthenes garment of vanity. He is the veritable bigot whose lips have not been touched by the live coal of passion for truth, which alone cleanses of profanity.

Superbly trestled on the facts of history rises our positive conviction of the social function of religion. Herein lies its consecration for the needs of our own day. It is religion that must awaken and recreate the social conscience. It must bugle forth the call for the regeneration of society unto fuller humanity. As a matter of theory all the churches teach and emphasize that man is brother to fellowman. The doctrine is spelled out on Sunday in the pulpit and the school. It is forgotten on Monday by the man of affairs. For him business and religion, politics and the sermon on the Mount or the Decalogue lie in different planes. In this sublunar world, which is a hard and harsh world, the theories of religionists that speak of man's fraternal relations to fellowman cannot be applied. Sunday school sentiments do not go on exchange or in the factory. Upon us as members of this world, as it is, lies the burden of a race under the lash, in which God is for all and each must be for himself, because the devil takes the hindmost. We cannot help haggling and wrangling. We cannot help snarling and snapping at one another; the bones of booty are few and the pack of hounds one of which group we are is very numerous. We ease our conscience or gratify our desire to appear respectable by throwing a few crumbs to the hungry. It is a comfortable creed to hold that religion is satisfied when the acerbities and the inequalities of the race are softened by generous charity. Charity in this application is a word that should be blotted out of the dictionary of our language. And were justice done on earth there would be no need of charity. Justice is the sacramental word of our lib-

eralism. Our religion cannot consent to the division of life into secular and sacred. The so-called profanities of life are the real sanctities. Business life, politics, jurisprudence, economics, all, in fact, must again be religionized. This process of reordination does not imply loss of virility or forfeiture of opportunity. Quite to the contrary; this religion insists that every opportunity be utilized to the fullest and every talent be cultivated to the utmost in order that each be enabled and equipped to render greater service to the community, to others. Here is the cardinal difference of our attitude, both from the ordinary worldliness which culminates in indifference to the requirements of justice and righteousness and the other worldliness of ordinary religionists who are content that salvation shall ensue in the world to be. Our solicitude is for the regeneration of this life and the now toiling world. We would save men from the brutalization of a practical philosophy that reduces men to the level of things with prices regulated by demand and supply. We would wean all from the insolence of the murderer who sneers at the suggestion that he is his brother's keeper. Our religion has, as I have indicated, its Godward outlooks, but it would for their inspiration be also a potency manward.

For this reason modern liberal religion calls to its council not the metaphysician nor the philologist. It has assigned to the last place in the scale of its interest the interpretation of Biblical texts or the discussion of knotty theological subtilities. It turns for light to the youngest among the sciences, the science of man. It regards man alone not as an individual but as a responsible man of society, a brother in the household of brothers. Sociology, not theology, is our pre-occupation. Sociology is applied or descriptive ethics. Right and righteousness are its final tests, justice is its supreme passion. Into the slums it penetrates, not under the impulse of maudlin sympathy, or, what is worse, prurient curiosity. To the dispossessed of the earth it would bring back a most priceless possession, the sense of their worth as men, and work for them and with them for the establishment of such conditions on earth as will offer to each man the opportunity for human worthy life. It will push itself into the palaces of the successful, for it knows that the dangerous classes are not always or exclusively those of the byways and back lanes of the city. Many an Arab who troubles Israel today dwells in rooms cedared and ivoried. It will be a power in the councils of the cities, the politics of the state and nation. Political life and social institutions, industry and commerce, labor and capital alike, must be reclaimed to more fervent respect for justice and higher regard for duty, a more delicate sense of responsibility. Our demand for the recognition of religion in our daily doings and dealings in private or public life has no sympathy with the stupid crusade to recognize God as the ruler of our republic by the grace of a constitutional amendment. If God holds His throne by no stronger legitimacy than that which a constitutional amendment can confer, his tenure hangs, indeed, by a very slender thread. A God enthroned by Presidential proclamation of a new paragraph in our organic instrument of law can even so be deposed again. God in the constitution is only a poor apology for God in our hearts and minds, in our ambitions and our plans. As the liberal interprets God's sovereignty it means responsibility upon each one for the use made of power or possession. It means that none of us is more than the steward of his opportunities and possibilities. Each holds what he has and is, in trust for all men. Competition is not the ultimate wisdom. Religion, which makes of justice a sacrament, urges co-operation and fraternity as the higher forms into which social activity must and may be cast. The proclamation of the social value of religion, the consecration of altruism at the altar of humanity—an altruism which would not weaken self but rather strengthen it—an altruism which finds compensation in the ministry of service—this is the one overshadowing and supreme ambition of our Congress. This is the fundamental sacrament of our positive religiosity. This is the ground common to us all. To this fellowship of the ministry of justice we invite every man or woman, of whatever class or clan, of whatever race or color. Away, then, with every spurious or half-hearted, with every shred or rag of obsolete and effete liberalism. A truce to high sounding phrases of self-complacency. Let each one of us be strong in his own peculiar distinctions. They shall not be mentioned among us. Let us be broader than the liberal who attitudinizes, and for effect will occasionally fraternize with the Jew or the non-Jew, as the case may be. Let us cease speaking of living men and movements as curiosities that, according to our reckoning, should have been buried eighteen hundred years ago. Let us be more accurate in our terminology than to praise or command a brother because he represents the oldest dispensation. Oldest dispensations are not of moment now. The newest word of religion is what should elicit the quick response from us. The newest, say I? But perhaps this new word is indeed as old as the everlasting hills. Yea, as I read the writings of my old prophets I find it there. Renan is right when he describes the men of fire, who set aflame by the glow of their indignation at social injustice the very ages, as the first socialists. Their socialism was the consecrated call to brotherhood, to humanity solidified by righteousness and solidarily held together in the might of social service and responsibilities. What was to their God the multitude of sacrifices? What to Him Sabbath day or festal convocation? What fasting and sackcloth? But justice, said they, shall flow like water. Their woe went forth in awful solemnity to rebuke the conscienceless monopolists who joined house unto house and field unto field. They lashed and scourged with their scorn the insolence of wealth as much as the undutifulness of poverty. Bribery and violence, dwarfing men and manhood, they would not brook. The liberal of today must have caught something of their fire would he do himself and his time justice. It is given unto him to be the herald of the better, nobler humanity of the twentieth century, the Elijah and John Baptiste of a Messianic age, sure to come, in which the knowledge of God, that is to say justice and righteousness and love, will fill the earth as do the heaving waters the unfathomed deep.

"We, too have autumn, when our leaves
Fall loosely through the dampened air,
And all our good seems bound in sheaves,
And we stand reaped and bare."

The Study Table.

SOME LATE PUBLICATIONS.

Four biographies of extraordinary value are just in print at the Macmillan Company's press, of New York. They are the Life Stories of Bismarck, Gladstone, Tennyson and Cardinal Manning. The editorial work is of the highest class. The publishing is at high water mark. No statesman has made modern Europe like Bismarck—no one since Napoleon. Gladstone, with all his other great achievements, above all morally revolutionized English statesmanship—a statement to be appreciated by those familiar with the career of Palmerston and his other predecessors back to Canning. Lord Tennyson is the great figure of the nineteenth century in the creative art of language. Cardinal Manning was, by all odds, not only the greatest churchman of England, but the truest and noblest product of the Catholic church during the nineteenth century. We may review these books at length hereafter. They belong in the library of "Our Intimates."

A book comes from D. Appleton & Co., New York, which is of unusual interest and value. I refer to "The Play of Animals," by Carl Groos, with a preface from Professor J. Mark Baldwin. Believing, as I do, that in animal play we find the spontaneities, as well as the instincts of animals, which reveal to us the whole psychological history of animal life, I place this volume as one of the most valuable which has recently come from the American press. Professor Groos, in his studies, reaches philosophical biology, animal psychology and the genetic study of art. Chapter I. is an examination of Mr. Spencer's "surplus energy" theory of play; and is a succinct answer to that theory. The author declares that play is a veritable instinct. His views of instinct, however, differ somewhat from those generally accepted by evolutionists. There is a fine treatment, in detail, of imitation in its relation to play, the acquaintance of acquired characters, and the place of intelligence in the origin of these animal activities. Chapters III. and IV. are exceedingly readable, and will delight those who are not deeply interested in the philosophical principles that underlie the book. Chapter V, on the psychology of animal play, deserves a thorough review by itself, which I can not give in these columns. I miss in the whole volume any discussion of the origin or initiation of play in the young animal. I am satisfied, from careful investigation of litters of collies, that play begins with a purely physical spontaneity, and is largely nothing more than muscular action and reaction. However, we have no room to discuss these questions. The book is certainly one that will fascinate any scholarly mind, and will especially interest those who are engaged in farming. I should consider it of great importance on a farm that such books be placed in the hands of thoughtful boys and girls.

The Independent has a group of the strongest editorials that we remember ever to have read in that—shall we call it newspaper or magazine? It insists that we have now got light enough on the subject to completely comprehend the war department abomination and institute a reform. It wants evidently what all the country demands, a change in the administration in that department. Secretary Alger has cost us dearly. The editorial on the Catholic church in Our New Possessions is good, and that on Dr. VanDyke and the Philippines is better, but what we specially like is the editorial on our reciprocity with Canada. The detestable selfishness that would prefer commercial warfare across our borders to intelligent and moral co-operation, as well as business neighborliness, should go out with the rule of Spain in her colonies.

The Atlantic comes to us with such a cargo of splendid material that we are tempted to say what we have said so often before: This is the best number the Atlantic has ever sent out. For once we can cordially agree with Carl Schurz, where he says that it will be impossible for the United States and Great Britain to commercially co-operate so long as England stands on the free trade platform and America on the high tariff platform. The two principles are antagonistic. Mr. Dicey takes up the same question from a more hopeful standpoint and sees both the advantage of America and England establishing a common basis of American citizenship and the possibility of it. At all events we are approaching the era of international good will, even if we can not quite touch it. God speed the day.

It is now ten or more years since Hannis Tayor published the first volume of his Origin and Growth of the English Constitution. A few of us got hold of that book most appreciatively; and we have been looking all these years for the Second Part. This is now laid before us as the After Growth of the Constitution. It is a grand piece of work, in which is drawn out, by the light of the most recent researches, the gradual development of the English constitutional system, and the growth out of that system, of the Federal Republic of the United States. In the first volume the attempt was made to make an unbroken story of that marvelous process of change and of growth, through which the English constitutional system passed during the period intervening between the Teutonic conquest and settlement of Briton and the end of the fifteenth century. Few books of equal value in historic research have ever been issued by the American press. The present volume closes with a summary of the great acts of the Reform Parliaments, and covers the reign of William IV. and Victoria.

I take up now with almost unparalleled pleasure a book by Judge Chamberlain, entitled John Adams, The Statesman of the American Revolution. At last we have one estimate of John Adams that does him justice. American history has been written so largely by Federals, and by the sons of Federals, that it has been biased above all things in its estimate of that man, who, elected by the Federals, failed to be subservient to every measure of the party. Adams was not only the most intellectual power in New England during the Revolution, but in the building of the nation there was but one other man who had as much to do with making the republic a success. His administration of the Presidency unfortunately covered the breakup of the party. This was due, not to Adams, but to Alexander Hamilton; and history at last is beginning to do justice to Adams, and before long Americans wiil be ready to mete out another kind of justice to Hamilton. This book is a rare treat in literature as well as in historical investigation, It charms while it satisfies our sense of justice.

E. P. P.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Meanness, fretfulness, discontent are the elements that make a life discordant with its own high theme and with all goodness and greatness.

MON.—Long ago a Roman said, "When thou hast been compelled by circumstances to be disturbed in a manner, quickly return to thyself, and do not continue out of tune longer than the compulsion lasts.

TUES.—The grandeur of life may come through its combats, but its sweetness comes through the cheery portal of content.

WED.—We may well thank God, and take courage, and march on, when we know that the pillars of cloud by day and of fire by night are set fast in the divine order to guide us on our way.

THURS.—Let us be sure that all is well whatever comes, while we trust and *stand fast* and strive; and only hopeless and rightly hopeless, when we want what we are in no wise willing to earn.

FRI.—The glory and glow of life come by right living.

SAT.—Go, make thy garden fair as thou canst,
Thou workest never alone,
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
Will see it and mend his own.

—*Robert Collyer.*

Little Boy Blue.

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his truudle-bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys,
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue,—
Oh, the years are many, the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

—*Eugene Field.*

A Boy's Vocabulary.

Many things that are not so are taught in public schools. I have a friend at whose hospitable board I often dine. At table the other night his son, a bright boy in his early teens, told his father that his teacher had told him that his vocabulary did not exceed six hundred words. The father asked my opinion. I suggested that we try nouns to begin with, and asked the boy what he knew about a cat-boat. He said he knew all about it. Then I asked him to tell me some of the things connected with it. He spoke of sail and mast and rudder, tiller, bow, stern, and several other things. Then I suggested keel and gunwale, deck, cock-pit. All these he knew, and they gave him a new start. Block and rope, knot, splice, anchor, bucket, sponge, and a lot of others came to his mind. We counted up three or four score, nouns only. Then we started on the human body. Legs, arms, hands, knees,—all these were obvious. I started him on the face. Mouth, eyes, ears, nose, forehead. Then we went into particulars. Lips and gums and teeth and eyebrows and lids. And then he got thoroughly interested, and rattled off half a hundred more, as can any one who will half try. Then we took the room and the things it contained. There was no end to it. "My son," said the host, "write out one thousand nouns, every one of which you know and know well, take them to your teacher, and say that you've only begun. And, by the way," he added, "stick to nouns of one syllable. You can do it." And he did.—*Time and the Hour.*

The President and the Child.

Members of the party who accompanied President Harrison on his memorable Northern and New England trip, in 1891, declare it the most remarkable tour ever made by any President. Many days on constant dress parade, every stop an ovation, he never failed to say just the right thing in the right place. Never once did his gracious courtesy and tact desert him. All were forced, however, to admit that at a banquet their hero did not shine—in fact, always seemed relieved when the affair was over.

Mrs. McC——, by inheritance and marriage a multi-millionaire, with a brilliant society record in New York and Washington, toward the last of the trip gave the President a dinner in her beautiful Vermont home. Unwilling to admit a flaw in her President, and with a wisdom born of experience, she placed him beside Mrs. P——, a woman whose social triumphs in America and at the Court of Saint James were such that it was considered the Sphinx would be eloquent at her desire. Forewarned and forearmed, Mrs. P—— did her best, but the President "dragged." After dinner all assembled in Mrs. McC——'s famous drawing-room.

Suddenly there was a swish of draperies, and a heartbroken little voice wailed, "I wants to thee the President, I wants to thee the President," and every eye beheld a nurse trying to remove the three-year-old "baby" clinging to the portieres by main force.

At the first sound of the child's voice the grave, worn face of the President was transformed. Instantly he arose where he was sitting, and his clear, resonant voice rang out from the farther side of the great drawing-room: "Come here, little one."

A moment only the white-robed, timid little tot, invariably frightened in the presence of strangers, stood in the parted portieres, and with tear-dimmed eyes took in the brilliant assemblage. Then with eyes held by the President's own, the bare-footed child bravely trotted across the long drawing-room straight into the President's arms, and for five minutes was entertained as only a lover of children can entertain.

Then the President said: "Now, my little dear, we've had a nice visit and I want mamma's dearie to go right to By-lo-land." And "dearie," with another kiss and hug, went quietly off with the nurse.

In relating the incident Mrs. McC—— said:

"Thirty people were the better and truer for seeing that brains and the splendor of jewels might be nothing, but that the heart of a child, and its love and confidence, were everything to the ruler of our great nation."

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

Chicago Union of Liberal Sunday Schools.

Thirteen seems to have been the golden number at the last meeting of this active union, held on October 12th at All Souls Church. It was the thirteenth regular meeting to which thirteen of the liberal Sunday Schools in and near Chicago had sent as their representatives five times thirteen teachers besides a score of others not at present teaching but deeply interested in this work. And was it not thirteen times that Robert Bruce saw a spider strive to stretch its net before it finally got it to hold, so that thirteen to him became the emblem of patience and perseverance? That same emblem would also have been appropriate for the theme of the evening, announced on the program as "An Eight Years' Study of the Ethnical Religions," to be presented by Rev. J. Vilas Blake and some of his former teachers at the Third Unitarian Church. Mr. Blake told briefly, but with his usual clearness, of the time when he and his followers grew tired of the rapid transit system of study as commonly in vogue in Sunday Schools, and of their consequent decision to start on a very slow and possibly very long study of the seven great teachers of religion. His own tireless efforts in reading these other Bibles and culling from them for his teachers' meetings soon bore fruit so that the whole school got into the very spirit of one after another of these old sages, instead of getting mere bits of glimpses of their ideas. Thus they had gone on for some seven or eight years and with a thoroughness rarely found in Sunday School work they sought and found a wealth of the good and the true in the older sacred books to which the world owes so much. The four or five teachers who supplemented Mr. Blake's talk by telling their impressions of this bold and unusual experiment, all showed the fine spirit in which all had delved into the old records and the unavoidably good results both in character-moulding of the pupils and in broadening the views of both teacher and pupil. Indeed, there evidently was not one in all the mixed audience who could take exception to such a course of Sunday School study as was here shown to have been carried out. To be sure, there were many who would not themselves have thought of going outside of the two testaments for their work in this line, yet even these could see how a fair-minded study of religion —not religions—can never take the student far from the best teachings of the Bible; indeed, there were many who felt that any subject might become a source of proper Sunday School instruction when the superintendent and teachers go at it in that earnest and truly religious spirit for which Mr. Blake and his followers are so well noted. Perhaps this object lesson of a rare unity of spirit pervading a whole school for many long years was in itself as valuable as the series of hints given by Mr. Blake regarding the study of the ethnical religions, or the lesson that slow and thorough work will pay well even in our Sunday School work. All told, this thirteenth of meetings was suggestive in many ways and likely to bear some little fruit in a number of the schools there represented.

The next meeting, devoted to the topic of "Memory Work in the Sunday School," will be held Tuesday evening, November 8th, at the Third Unitarian Church on Monroe Street near Kedzie Avenue.

ALBERT S.

CASTINE, ME. The congregational Unitarian Church at this place recently celebrated the centennial anniversary of the instalment of its first pastor, William Watson, who presided over the destinies of the church for thirty-six years. The hundred years is spanned with the list of a dozen pastors, making the average pastorate eight and one-third years. What is the cause of the increasing brevity of modern pastorates? Doubtless the restless and complicated life of to-day are the chief causes, but we already suspect that back of these lies a financial cause springing from the passion to divide which has multiplied churches while it does not increase the revenue. It is only the Catholic church that is permanent; that is the church that represents a community, a neighborhood interest, a geographical center.

UNITARIAN. The twenty-third annual meeting of the Michigan Conference is in session at Jackson, Michigan, this week. Rev. J. H. Crooker of Ann Arbor preaches the opening sermon. An interesting program runs through Tuesday and Wednesday. Rev. S. M. Crothers of Cambridge, Mass. represents the American Unitarian Association at these meetings. The Tuesday night platform meeting is the characteristic Unitarian program, viz., What we believe about Man, Jesus, God, Immortality. This is well, but other questions press and demand discussion, *i. e.*, what are you going to do about man, Jesus, God, Immortality? . . . The Illinois conference was held at Geneseo November 2 and 3, and the Iowa Conference met at Decorah October 24 and 25. Many of the delegates at the Omaha Congress planned to take this meeting en route home. . . . Sioux City, Iowa, profited by Mr. Calthrop's visit to Omaha, securing from him a lecture on Browning and a Sunday sermon. He left behind him here as he does everywhere, a radiant shaft of light. . . . Unity Church, St. Paul, has at last found a pastor, Rev. C. L. Divan, a recent graduate of the Harvard Divinity School. Mr. Crothers, still a traveling bishop for western unitarianism, will attend an installation during his visit westward.

A CORRECTION.—In a recent number we spoke of Rev. Mr. Littlefield "as taking up the work Mr. Savage left when he went to New York." A correspondent sets us right, by exposing our ignorance of local geography. The church over which Mr. Littlefield presides is the Church of the Unity at Neponset, a suburb of Boston. The contingency ministered so long and so well too by Mr. Savage was under the advice of the fraternity of churches at Boston disbanded for geographical reasons, the centers of population having so changed that they could better find their association and their religious fellowship with other organizations of the same faith.

W. C. T. U. Convention, St. Paul, November 11.

The Chicago & Northwestern Railway will make reduced rate on the certificate plan of fare and one-third for the round trip on account of this meeting. Special accommodations for delegates will be provided on "The Northwestern Limited," leaving Chicago 6:30 p. m. Thursday, November 10, arriving at St. Paul 7:50 a. m. This train is electric lighted throughout, has reading lamps in each berth and offers the finest service between Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth. Tickets and reservations can be obtained upon application to agents of connecting lines or at offices of the company, or by addressing W. B. Kniskern, 22 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

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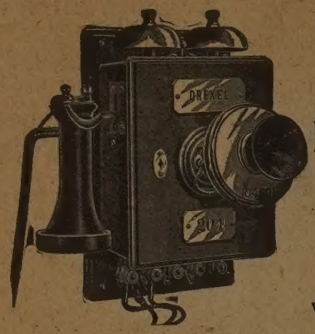

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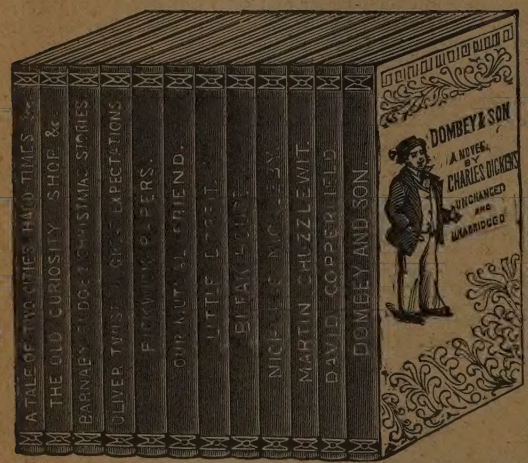

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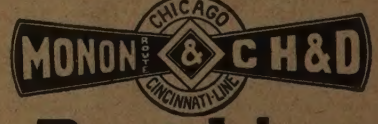

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